

Pregnant For My Bully Chapter 16 - Tips

It was official. Parties just weren't my thing.

Jason's party was fun, actually, for people who liked parties, that is, but personally, I couldn't see the fun in loud noises, people screaming on top of their voices in the name of talking, dirty dancing, drinking too much alcohol and puking thereafter. It just wasn't my idea of fun.

So, I was already preparing to leave without telling Jason. All I had as my biggest hurdle was sneaking out, which wasn't so much of a hurdle—seeing the huge crowd present at his party, it was easy to blend in or get lost.

Finding my way home wasn't going to be much of a problem either—I was good with directions, sorta, and when I was in Jason's car, I'd done well to note the way around.

I was currently engaged in an uninteresting conversation with a flame haired guy whom I wasn't sure of his name but was certain he was a senior too. He was hitting on me, and failing miserably at it, judging by his poor choice of pickup lines like, "Are you a lizard? 'Cause "agama" eyes on you."

It took all my willpower not to burst out in laughter at the hilarious pickup line, which by the way was viral on the internet, he'd just used now. Instead of laughing, I just nodded with a smile, channeling my thoughts towards escaping from the party.

Just when I'd had enough of the guy, I broke in mid sentence and excused myself, saying I needed to use the bathroom, which, of course, I didn't want to use.

On passing, I dropped the cup of beer the guy handed me on a nearby table and continued weaving around the throng of people inside the house, not knowing where in particular I was going. That was until, all of a sudden, someone grabbed my hand from behind, causing me to let out a surprised gasp. Stopping to wh!p around, I saw it was Jason.

"Jason," I breathed. "You scared me."

Across his lips was a small, handsome smile. His brown eyes looked a bit drowsy but just the right amount of alert for me to feel comfortable.

After I arrived at the party, Jason, who was supposed to at least help me out with some kind of introduction and getting around, was pulled away from my side by his friends. Of course, I minded but Adrian—very surprised to see me at the party—kept me company until he too was pulled off. That was when I began my uninteresting conversation with Mr Flame Hair.

“Sorry,” Jason said, dropping my hand. “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“It’s fine,” I murmured.

“So, um, some friends and I are playing a game in the sitting room. Not many are there and the room is soundproof. And I figured you’d like something quieter, so . . .”

“You want me to come join the game?” I asked.

“Yes,” he nodded. “Can you please join us at the game?”

“Um, okay,” I said, unconsciously tucking my hair behind my ear.

He smiled then and held out his hand to me. “Come on. I’ll take you to the sitting room.”